THE TRAGEDY OF ALBERTVS WALLENSTEIN,

Late Duke of Fridland, and Generall to the Emperor *Ferdinand* the second.

Written by HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

Cedant carminibus reges Regumque triumphi.

The Scene, *Egers.*

And Acted with good Allowance at the Globe on the Banke-side, by his Majesties Servants.

Imprinted at *London* by *Tho. Paine*, for *George Hutton* dwelling at the Turn-stile in Holborne, 1639.

THE TRAGEDY OF ALBERTVS WALLENSTEIN,

Late Duke of Fridland, and Generall to the Emperor Ferdinand the second.

Written by HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

Celata veritas multum Fingunt Poetæ.

The Scene, Eger.

And Acted with good Allowance at the Globe on the Banke side, by his Majesties Servants.

Imprinted at London by John Norton, for George Hutton dwelling at the Turne-stile in Holborne, 1639.

TO THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF VERTVE AND TRVE MECENAS OF Liberall Arts; Mr. WILLIAM MURREY of his Majesties Bed-chamber.

SIR,

GRatitude is the best Appendix to vertue: vnthankefulnesse the worst addit on to vice. My indeavour to atchieve the one, and avoid the other, invited me to this publication of my many ingagements to your best selfe: and betrayd your noble name to the patronage of this Poem. The native magnificence of your disposition is so repleate with mercy, that it would bee an errour in

the religion of my duty, ſhould I queſtion your remiſsion of this audacious crime, the offence being onely the acknowledgement of my reſpective ſervice to you. Works of this nature have alwaies aſſumed this priuiledge, to aſpire the nobleſt for their Protectors. Since then authoriſd by cuſtome, worthieſt Sir, it cannot bee a diminution to your fame, nor repugnant to the gravity of your moſt ſerious imployments to have him by publike profeſsion known your ſervant, who hath long ſince by particular devotion been

The humbleſt of your honorers,

HEN. GLAPTHORNE.

In cædem Alberti VVallenſtenii, ducis Fridlandiæ. 1634.

TVus etiam ſuperbe Dux Fridlandiæ,
Dignus cothurno lugubri interitus meos
Elicit Iambos? lugeant, quibus placet
Vacare lachrymis. Filiæ ac Viduæ ſat eſt
Laniare crines, plangere & manu ſinus,
Non ego ſepulchro (ſi tamen quiſquam tibi
Honor ſepulchri detur) aſſideo gemens,
Non tibi Camæna funebrem panegyrin
Epicediúmve dedicat, potius ſibi
Jam gratulatur, læta Guſtavo diu
Tui quodhaud te viderint ſuperſtitem;
Rependerit ſed Egra (a) Lutzeno vicem;
Feralis Egra, dirus boſpitii locus,
Splendore menſæ quæ Lycaonio ſtruens,
Grandique cogens ſolvere pretio dapes,
Gladios, bipennes, tela, tormenta apparat.
Hæc Imperator ducibus, & Walſtenio
Guſtanda cautus miſerat bellaria.

(a) Rex Sueciæ in pugnâ ad Lutzenum commiſſâ; Walſtenius Egræ interfectus.

Non ille tantum cæde gaudet hostium,
Sed & suorum sanguine imbuere iubet
Egræ penates. proh deorum numina!
Quantum cruoris Austriaca superbia
Sibi litatum lambit! & tamen sitit
Adhuc cruorem, sævior Pabpis domo.
Nullúsne tandem cædibus dabitur modus?
Modum sed illa cædibus dedit tuis,
Alberte; qui, dum Ferdinand. comis
Vexilla pandis, Ferdinandi perfido
Iugulum daturus advenis satellíti.
Vbi illa tandem gaza, quâ Bohemiam,
Silesiámque, agrósque Brandenburgicos
Fretus perambulasti, ubi est exercitus,
Diro tuorum quo ministro facinorum,
Homicidia, stupra, furta, Pomerania
Sæpe execrata est, & Mechlenbergi sinus
Dum tu crematas famulus Austriacæ domûs,
Prosternis urbes, impotens violentiam
Manique fastum terminare Baltico?
Hoc tot laborum præmium tuus tibi
Dedit Imperator? Hoccine est stipendium,
Vt perduellis actus, & subito dolo
Captus cerebro spargeres cænacula?
Sic beat amicos, entis Austriacæ fides.

Quod

Quod si cruentâ morte pereundum fuit,
Cecidisse malles forsan hostili manu.
Nunc puto, videntur fata (b) Papenheimii
Tuisque (c) Tilliin videnda Manibus.
Quàm iustus ille Ferdinandus exstitit
Non quæro; verùm credo diuina minime
Vindicta quòd dormitat. Ipse ut perfidus
Perfidiâ obires, lex inevitabilis
Fati volebat; quin & immanis diu
Crudelitatis artifex, crudeliter
Descenderes ad ima Plutonis loca.
Vbi unicum futura sint solatium
Fraus capta fraude, scelere cumulatum scelus,
Excidia eorum, cædis authores tuæ
Quos fama novit, siquidem Alberti ducis
Celeri sequantur impios Manes pede.
Et maximè si (quoniam id haud sæpè accidit
Vti perirent morte siccâ principes)
Sanguinea multo sanguine exundet domus,
Tuique similem sortiatur exitum.

Alex. Gil.

(b) Comes Pappenhemius in pugna Lutzeniana à Suedis occisus 6. Novem. 1632.

(c) Generalis Tillius in pugna Augustanâ graviter saucius fugit Ingolstadium ibique exspiravit.

The Persons.

Ferdinand the seconed Emperor of *Germany*.
Ferdinand his son King of *Hungary*.
Albertus Wallenstein Duke of *Fridland*.
Marquesse *Brandenburgh*.
Duke *Saxon Waymar*.
Earle of *Tertzki*.
Earle of *Kintzki*.
Earle of *Questenberg*.
Matthias Gallas.
Colonell *Newman*.
Marshall *Illo*.
Fredricke. } Sonnes to *Wallenstein*.
Albertus. }
Colonell *Gordon*, Governor of *Egers*.
Colonell *Lesle*.
Captaine *Butler*.
Page to *Wallenstein*.
Dutches to *Wallenstein*.
Emilia Daughter to *Saxon Waymar*.
Isabella woman to the Dutchesse.
Dragoons. Guard to the Emperour.
Guard to *Wallenstein*.
Executioner.
Attendants.

Actus primus: Scena prima.

Kintzki, Tertzki, Gordon, Butler, Lesle.

Kint. THe rumour ſtill continues.

Ters. Yes, my Lord,
Ill fames though quicke are certaine, 'tis concluded
Paſt queſtion or diſpute, for theſe reports
Are grounded on too manifeſt a truth,
To carry doubt in them, it is confirm'd this morning;
Hee muſt reſigne

Leſle. Though a ſtrang Sir,
And ſo leſſe intereſſed in the Generalls cauſe
Then you his Country-man: were you not my friend,
You ly'd to ſpeake it. Muſt our Generall
That ſoule of valor *Wallenſtein*; who has
(Like ſubtle lightning) purg'd the German ayre,
From all the hot infections, forraign warre
Could threaten: ſent the health-carouſing Dane
Drunke with his owne blood home: broke all the forte,
With which the valiant Palatine and his aydes
Infeſted had the Province: given to Death
(That thunder-bolt of warre) whoſe very name
Was great as Fate it ſelfe unto his foes,
The *Swediſh* King: and muſt he now, his age
Is candid o're with victories, be inforc'd

To a baſe ſignification. Death! he's damn'd
That dare but mutter it.
Gordan. And they were ſo
Who firſt occaſion'd it, 'twould bring much comfort
To all true Souldiers.
Leſle. 'Tis concluded Sir,
Paſt all redemption, they are doubly damn'd
For their ingratitude; diſplace a man
To whom they owe their lives! one whom, my Lords,
We have ſeen i'th heat and bravery of a fight,
Cheere up his fainting and diſheartned troupes;
Even when his body ſeem'd but all one wound,
That it appear'd a little Iland, circled
Round with the purple deluge of his blood:
Who when warres Quirriers, the big-mouth'd Drums,
And ſurly Trumpet ſung his Armies Dirge,
That fatall Muſicke ſweld his ſprightly ſenſe,
More then ſoft Hymnes at Nuptials.
Tert. Sir, his glories
Are ſo well knowne to us we need not urge
Their reputation, but 'tis paſt my thoughts,
Why on the ſudden he ſhould be compeld
To give his charge up.
Kintz. When the world beleev'd
He ſhould have had a double triumph in
The honour of his victories.
Leſle. Ile tell you,
There is in Princes Courts a leane-fac'd monſter,
Term'd Envie, raiſing in unworthy breaſts,
To fames Heroicke ſonnes, ſuch as know to cringe
With ſubtle motion to their Princes ſmiles,
Adore his foot-ſteps and his awfull nods,
And can like Aſpes inſtill into his eares,
A ſweet yet killing venome: theſe thin ſoules
When the blunt Souldier, has on piles of wounds
Built up his Countries peace, whiſper Beware

In

In time my Lord, least he doe grow too great;
This meeting with the jealous Princes feares,
(As Princes still are fearefull of the greatnesse
Of rising active subjects) breeds resolves to cut up
That prop, leaning on which themselves have stood,
Firme and unshaken on their base; and these
Court Parasites, and th'Emperors weake distrust,
Puls this disgrace on *Fridland*, which if he
With an effeminate patience doe put up,
May all the Lawrels growing on his Crest,
Be turn'd to Cypresse, serving for no use
But to adorne his Funerals.
Gordon. Soft,
The Generall's here himselfe: my gracious Lord
The Duke.
Tert. Our thrice redoubted Generall.

Enter Wallenstein, Illawe.

Wallenf. Ha! that sound
Awakes my drowsie soule, pray good my Lords,
What do you behold degenerate in my lookes,
Shewing me unworthy still of that great title?
Tert. I would pull my eyes out,
Should they convey into my soule a thought
Tending to so much sacriledge to honour,
And perfect masculine vertue.
Wallenf. Yet I must
Put off that glorious title, like a garment,
Old and unfit for wearing: O my Lords,
Our honours individuall with our soules
Growes to that essence, as to th' hand or cheeke
The native whitenesse; and to have that torne,
Lug'd off by violent torture, is a suffrance
Beyond the strength of patience: is't not, Lords?
Tert. Yes, and looke,
How farre the noble immateriall soule,
Transcends the duller body, so much torments

Inflicted on the pure mind, far passes
Corporeall punishmones.
Wallens. It is a true
Philosophy which even amongst Souldiers,
Whose onely learning is compriz'd in Armes,
Is granted as indispensable, my Lords,
What will the world that sometimes stood at gaze,
Frighted with awfull terror of my deeds,
Imagine to behold me in my age,
Depriv'd of all those titles, all those glories,
Which have growne up with me even from my youth,
Which I have purchas'd with expence of wounds,
More numerous, then I've veynes;
'Twill straight conclude, either my age is doting,
And return'd into a second childhood, and unfit to manage
The glorious warfare and the big commands
Of Martiall discipline; or that my faith,
Is on the sudden like a faire ripe fruit,
(By'th too hot kisses oth' lascivious Sunne
Betray'd to rottennesse) by haughtie pride,
Or vaine ambition tainted.
Leste. And so blast
At least, my Lord, in their too nice esteeme,
Your former actions.
Gordon. Wrap in clouds of shame,
Your shining vertues.
Wallenf. True, for 'twixt these two extremes,
There is no meanes t'escape by: thinke then Lords,
What an inhumane, irreligious wrong
It is, both to my honour and my faith,
To be depriv'd thus basely of that charge,
Which I've perform'd with care and good successe:
And what ingratitude 'tis in this Prince,
This Emperor, thus to reward my trust;
When his owne soule can witnesse, 'twas my selfe
That from the *Swede*, the *Palatine* and *Dane*,

Rescued

Reſcued his Eagles ; who elſe had mewd their plumes,
And from their height been forc'd to perch on earth:
I tooke the reeling pillars of his State,
And pitcht them firme and even: Of this his Heaven,
I've been the *Atlas*, I did fight for him,
When every conflict was a victory,
Each field of battell was a field of glory;
Yet as my truths and loyalties reward,
I am depriv'd unkindly even in peace,
Of all my glories purchaſ'd in the warre.

Tert. Next Sir, thinke,
With whom your ſhining honour's in the ſcale
Ballanc'd: with one ſo farre beneath your worth;
We are ingag'd in reputation, never
(He being ſo farre inferior to our ſelves)
To obey his commands.

Kintz. *Mathias Gallas*,
Your late Field-Marſhall.

Wallenſ. His very name
Begets new horror in me, nobleſt friends,
Co-partners with me in what ever dangers,
Attends triumphant war, whom I have led
In crimſon fields through riſing ſeas of blood,
That you have ſwom, not march'd to victory:
Would it not breed afflictions in your ſoules,
Your noble honeſt ſoules, to ſee your poore,
Yet alwayes loving Generall, at this age,
Now when his head's grown white beneath his helme,
Diſcarded from his office, and ſhooke off,
As birds their feathers mew, or Stags their hornes,
Thoſe uſeleſſe excrements, in hope that freſher
Will ith'old places grow; ſhould I doe this, I then
Might trayle my waving Enſignes in the duſt,
As at my Honors Funerall, and breake
My Sword 'gainſt my owne Target, nay put off
All pompe and pride of war, and like that vaine

Reſemblance of a ſtar, a Comet fall
By my owne fire conſum'd to earth forgotten.
Leſle. Great Sir, though a ſtranger to you
By birth and nation, yet the ſtrict alliance
I've to your princely nobleneſſe, injoynes me
Under your pardon, and with the allowance
Of theſe brave Counts, your followers, to deliver
My zealous counſell to you.
Wallenſ. Noble Scot,
Uſe your diſcretion freely.
Leſle. Thus great Sir then,
Though't be i'th power of Princes to preſcribe
Lawes to their ſubjects, 'tis their ſubjects wills
Muſt put thoſe Lawes in act, 'tis their obedience,
Which are the ableſt ſinewes of the ſtate,
And 'twere a barbarous cruelty to imploy
Their hands againſt themſelves, a ſtrange injuſtice,
To make their proper vertue inſtrument
Of their owne ruine.
Tert. Colonell *Leſle*
Speakes home.
Kint. And to much purpoſe.
Leſle. Doe not Lords
Miſunderſtand my meaning, I ſpeake not this,
That I contemne authority, or diſlike
Order in every thing, without preeminence
In title of command our trade the warfare
Could not ſubſiſt, but to informe our Generall,
Our too much injur'd Generall, that it is
No ſuch ſtrange crime, to diſobey a Prince
In things injuſt; and can there be a greater,
Or ſhamefuller injuſtice then for *Ceſar*,
By's Mandate to inforce him to reſigne
His glorious charge up?
Gordon. 'Twere a ſhame.
Illawe. An utter, an abominable diſgrace

To all that honor vertue, ſhould we ſuffer it?
Leſle. Here then
Ends what I would have uttered; of what force
Are *Cæſars* Mandats, when their reall loves
Has diſannull'd them? circled with theſe hearts,
Theſe bulwarkes of brave hearts, what need have you
To acknowledge any Emperor but your ſelfe?
Your ſelfe great Duke, whoſe merit lays juſt claime
To that ſupremeſt title.
Leſle. Pray once more,
Give me your patience: Raſhneſſe, Gentlemen,
Gives the firſt on-ſet fiercely, then recoyles,
As Waſpes when they have loſt their ſtings: affaires
Of this high conſequence, doe require mature
Deliberation: to confirme our owne
Strength for the exploit, 'twere fit we did conjoyne
With *Saxon Waymar* and *Guſtavus Horne*,
And the other bold confederates: how likes
Your Grace this project?
Wallenſ. The Drum and Fife,
Trumpet and Canon, when their lowd voyces ſing,
Iös to victory, could nere beget
More muſick in my raviſhed ſenſe: beſt friend,
I am ſo bankrupt growne in my extent
Of gratitude, that truſt me I could weepe,
To ſee my ſelfe ſo farre outdone in friendſhip:
I am ingag'd in honour to goe on,
That this inſulting Emperor by his fall,
To gaine fit meanes to gratifie your loves.
Thou aëry name of loyalty, hence to heaven,
And finde like ſmoake a buriall in the clouds,
Thus I expire thy effence; henceforth Ile acknowledge
No other Emperor but theſe worthies hearts.
Tert. And we (great Duke) henceforth will nere ſubmit,
To any rule but yours, which to confirme
As ſure as Fate had ſeal'd it, on your ſword

Wee'l take a ſolemne and religious oath
For the performance. *Omnes, we all ſweare it.*
And if any ſhould be ſo baſely perjur'd, as to breake,
But in a thought this Sacramentall faith,
Let our juſt angers fall as heavie on him,
As heavens moſt horrid curſes, ſinke his name,
Like ſome prodigie deſpis'd by light, into forgetfulneſſe.
Wallenſ. So now me thinkes I ſtand: like a Coloſſus,
Through whoſe ſpacious Arch,
Flowes the vaſt ſea of honour, without power,
Or naturall force to ebbe. Againe, beſt friends,
The early day, though from the gorgeous Eaſt
She breakes, adorn'd with chaines of liquid pearle,
Cannot atchieve full luſtre, till the Sun
Gild her pale cheekes with brightneſſe, nor can we
Cloathe the yet infant dawning of our hopes,
In perfect Robes of light, till we have
Attir'd them in the ſparkling rayes of blood,
Imperiall blood: Come let's goe on reſolv'd,
Like thoſe brave men, who in their awfull palmes,
Doe beare about their deſtinies, and can
Command even fate it ſelf: *Illawe* diſpatch with ſpeed
Adviſes to the Marqueſſe *Brandenburge*,
Waymar and Count *de Arheim*, that we intreat,
At perſonall meeting with them all at *Dreſden*.
Come Lords, when ere the Romane Eagle falls,
Wee'l mourne in triumph at her Funeralls.
Exit Wallenſ. Tert. Kinſz. et caeteri.

Leſle. So things once well begun,
Are halfe perfo rm'd, the managing an act
With cloſe and hidden practice 'mongſt the wiſe
And politicke people, brings aſſur'd ſucceſſe:
Broad open wayes the heavie ſnaile does take,
While untred paths beſt pleaſe the ſubtle ſnake. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena secunda, Emperor, Gallas, Questenberg.

Emp. Hee'l not resigne then?
Quest. 'Tis so fear'd, the greatnesse
Of his vast spirit never will admit
Resignation of those honours, which
He has with such felicity injoy'd.
Gallas. Besides, my Lord,
The Army is so much bewitch'd with love
Of this Arch-Traytor *Wallenstein*, they rather
Put of their due allegeance unto you
Their naturall Soveraigne, nay give up their lives,
Then yeeld to any act which may concerne
His removall.
Emper. Can this be possible!
Treason shall never brave us at our doores,
Whilst I can wield a Sword: ingratefull slave!
Whom I have rais'd from such an abject lowneſſe;
His family did scarcely beare a name
In common Gentry, to the very height,
The type of honour. That he should doe this,
And like the Vipers young, devoure that heart,
That bred and nourish'd him, more afflicts my soule,
Than all the wrongs and troubles which my foes
Ever inflicted on my Fame and Empire.
Matthias Gallas, let it be your charge,
To see new forces levy'd, to oppose
Against this Arch-Rebell.
Gallas. My Lord, I've learn'd
Ith' practicke Schoole of warre, that to oppose
Fresh unexperienc'd troups against the flower
Of old and hardned Souldiers, is but as
If amongst hungry Lions we should cast,
Resistlesse infants, and by their weake force,
Hope to o'recome the furious beasts: Dread Sir,

My Councell alwayes has had that ſucceſſe,
To be accounted faithfull to my Prince:
Feare it not, follow then my poore advice,
Meet trechery with policie, and try,
If you the Ambitious traytor can ſurprize,
The head once off, the weake and fainting limbes,
Like ſear'd dri'd boughs, by an impetuous wind,
Torne from an aged Oke, will fall to earth,
And be conſum'd to aſhes.

Empe. It ſhall be ſo,
Lord *Queſtenberg*, with all convenient ſpeed,
Diſpatch a truſty meſſenger unto
The King of *Hungary*, command his preſence,
With his moſt able legions for the ſafeguard
Of our owne perſon: In ſuch like affaires,
Which doe concerne the uncertaine rule of States,
Wiſe men ſhould alwayes be above their fates. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia, Albertus, Newman.

Newm. A pox upon her fir, and for her ſake,
On all good faces; muſt you ſigh and whine,
And make a face worſe then a zealous drunkard
Does o're dead muſtie wine, becauſe ſhe is beauteous:
We Souldiers doe not uſe to ingender with
A phiſnomy, nor as the learned terme it,
Co-habit with a handſome noſe or lip,
There are ſome parts beneath the waiſte I take it,
More uſefull for a man of Armes.

Alber. Good Colonell,
No more of this.

Newm. Should I aske you
The reaſon why you love her, you muſt anſwer;
'Tis for the ſport (as for what other reaſon
Women were made, unleſſe to prick upon
A clout, or ſtarch, tranſcends my beſt Philoſophy)

And for that purpoſe, a ſhort coat friſter,
That as ſhe milkes each morning,
Bedewes the coole graſſe with her Virgin moiſture,
As uſefull is and active (founder far
That's certaine granted) pray, my Lord, remember
Shee's but your mothers Gentlewoman, and whom perhaps
The Butler has oftener folded up, then ere
He did his table linne one.

Alber. No more, you'l anger me.

Newm. You'l anger me agen then: we Imps of *Mars*,
Should know no other miſtreſſes, then what the Camp contains,
I nere durſt love ith' field (marry in the Citie
I've had copulation with all trades) but one poor ſutlers wife, &
She as faire too, as was the kettle which ſhe boyl'd her beefe in,
O how the ſweet ſmell of her amber greace
And kitchin-ſtuffe perfum'd my greedy noſtrils,
Yet on this beauty doted I (inſpir'd by inſurrection of the fleſh)
And gave her to cuckol'd the good corporall her husband.

Int. Iſabella. Ten comely dollers, and the divell take her, ſhe paid me with a pox. But ſee, here comes the Lady of the Lake, for whom you good ſir Lancelot make theſe lamentations; be not you baſhfull now, but fall on boldly heart, let me drill her for you, if her body be under Muſket proofe, 'tis ten to one my morris pike ſhall enter. to her, to her. *Exit Newm.*

Iſabel. Surpriz'd by him alone, O my juſt feares.

Albert. Why, cruell faire one, ſhould you ſhun his ſight,
Whoſe very ſoule moves in your eyes, or why
Should your bleſt voyce, ſpeake health to all the world,
Yet threaten death to me: look on my youth,
My hopefull youth, which in the active war,
Has taught old Souldiers diſcipline: behold it
Nipt by the cold froſt of your icie beauty,
As in a feaver languiſhing to nothing,
Forgetfull of the noble pride and ſtrength,
It has ſo lately boaſted, 'tis injuſt
To ſee me ſtill over my foes victorious,

Made by my ſelfe your captive, to inſult
Over your ſuppliant vaſſaile, would thoſe eyes,
Which can contract lights orbe into a glance,
Become impoveriſh'd by a ſmile, thoſe cheekes
Sully their native tincture, ſhould they bluſh
At your mindes cruelty, 'twould rather adde
To the illuſtrious excellence.

Iſabel. My noble Lord.

Albert. Stay, you muſt not ſpeake yet,
There's not an accent iſſuing from your lips,
But has the power, ſhould thunder ſpeak, to charme,
To peacefull quiet the affrighted, the world,
And would ſtrike dumbe my paſſion: beſt of Virgins
There is not that diſparity 'twixt our births,
As there's inequall difference 'twixt our hearts;
Mine's all on fire, dare combat with the Sun
For heats priority, yours Mountaine ſnow,
Cold as the north, and cruell as my fortunes:
Yet you may make them equall as your eyes are,
By yeelding up that fort, which will, when time
Has given it ceremonious priviledge, be perhaps
By ſome unworthy groome, without reſiſtance
Surpriz'd and entred.

Iſabel. My Lord, bad cuſtome is become
In men a ſecond nature to deceive
Poore Virgins by their flatteries; noble youth,
That I doe love you dearely, may theſe teares,
Shed for your folly teſtifie: looke backe
Into your princeleſſe honour, call that up
To aſſiſt the fortreſſe of your minde aſſail'd
By foule unlawfull paſſion: thinke how baſe 'tis,
To rob a ſilly Orphan of her dowry;
I have no other but my Virgin whiteneſſe,
Left to uphold my fame, nought but my vertue
To my inheritance; ſhould you diſpoile me
Of that faire portion by your luſt, my memory,

Would

Would like an early Rose bud by that tempest,
Dye on its owne stalke blasted.

Albert. I doe dreame sure.

Isabel. Womens fames sir,
Are like thin Chrystall glasses, by a breath
Blowne into excellent forme, and by a touch,
Crackt or quite broken: say I should consent
To your desires, your appetite once sated,
You would repent the fact, when you should see
Your selfe surrounded in a mist of cares,
View bashfull Virgins point at you, as at
Some hatefull prodigie; heare matrons cry,
There goes the lusthull thiefe, that glories in
The spoyle of innocent Virgins, that foule thiefe,
That has a hundred eyes to let lust in at,
As many tongues to give his wild thoughts utterance.

Albert. Sure some Angell inhabits here,
This cannot be a Mansion
For mortall frailty: sweet farewell, good night,
I would not have my over-fawcie love,
Commit a rude intrusion on thy peace,
Though parting with thee be more torment to me,
Then to forgoe mine eyes; may all the joyes
Of healthfull slumbers crowne thy bed, thy dreames
Be free from paraphrasing on my memory,
Lest it affright you; once more, Deare, good night,
While you with pleasing happy sleeps are blest,
I'le seeke some way to my eternall rest. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus ſecundus: Scena prima.

Wallenſtein, Waymar, Brandenburge, Tertzki, Kintzki, Illawe, Newman, Gordon, Leſle, Butler.

Wallenſ. The honour you have done me mighty Princes,
Electors of the ſacred Romane Empire,
By this your perſonal viſit does ingage
So much our gratitude, that what our ſelves
And the moſt able forces of our friends,
Can in requitall act, ſhall be performd.
Mutuall diſcourſes oftenmingle ſoules,
And as the Arteries convey the blood
Throughout the body, they from mind to mind
Convey affection; to this end we did
Intreat this meeting, that our conference might
Joyne in an individuall league our hearts.

Bran. This happy treaty, glorious Duke, ſhall bring
Bleſt peace once more with turtles wings, to ſoare
Over the German Provinces, ſhall dry
Teares from the eyes of mothers, while the Virgins
Shall dedicate their houres to joyfull Hymnes,
In honour of your merit.

Waym. The ſturdy boore
Shall plough his fields in ſafety, and aſcribe
To you, great Duke, that happineſſe: 'twas you,
Who when Bellona thundred through the land,
Did ſtop the ſteel-wing'd Goddeſſe in her courſe,
Who when our Armies, like a raging floud,
Did beare downe all before them, did oppoſe,
The greedy torrent, boldly turn'd it backe,
Into its native body, and conjoyn'd

With

With you ſo inur'd to conqueſt, he were leſſe
Then man, and more then coward, that could feare
Any inſuing dangers.
Wall. You doe me too much honor, mighty Princes:
And now my brave confederates in Armes,
Where buſineſſe of import commands attendance,
That time's miſ-ſpent, that's ſpent in uſeleſſe words,
I ſhall ſo pleaſe you, therefore ſpeake the cauſe,
(In briefe) which urg'd me to deſire this conference,
And give you reaſons for my ſtrange revolt,
From my ſo long lov'd Maſter.
Bran. 'Twas the end
We onely came for.
Wayn. The ſole reaſon
That drew us to this meeting.
Wallenſ. Thus in briefe then,
How I have ſerv'd this Emperour, theſe wounds
That beautifie my body (cauſe the markes
Of my juſt loyalty) given by your ſwords,
Can beare me righteous witneſſe; but good ſervice
To a malicious and ingratefull Prince,
Are rather cauſes of ſuſpect, then love,
And when mens actions doe tranſcend reward,
They then deſcend to puniſhment (my cauſe
Is rightly ſtated thus) for when my ſelfe,
(I well may ſpeake it without partiall boaſt)
Had like his Eagle in my powerfull gripe,
Snatch'd up his Crowne that lay deſpis'd on earth,
And heav'd it up to Heaven, borne all the waight,
Which yours, the Daniſh and the Swediſh force,
Could load theſe ſhoulders with; nay ſhooke it off
Lightly, as windes in Autumne doe from trees,
Their wither'd Summer garments: then, even then,
When my juſt hopes were pregnant with conceit
Of Wreathes and triumphes (as a brave reward)
My Souldiers by his Mandates were forbid,

To obey me as their Generall, and my ſelfe
Commanded ſtraightway to reſigne my charge,
All my great power which I had bought with blood,
Unto *Matthias Gallas* my Field-Marſhall.
Saxon. Inſufferable injury!
Bran. Inhumane and unhear'd of ingratitude!
Wallenſ. Nay more,
As I had been a Traytor then in fact,
He did endevour my ſurprize, to bring me
A priſoner to *Vienna*: thinke then Lords,
When both my priceleſſe honour and my life
Were at one ſtake propos'd, if I'de not cauſe
To play my game with cunning skill, when theſe
My brave Commanders from their martiall eyes,
Did for my wrongs ſhed teares of blood, cal'd on me,
As on their friend, their father, not to leave
My Sons my Souldiers: if I their requeſt
Perform'd, I ſav'd my honour and my life,
But if the Emperors, I gave up them both
To plaine perſpicuous ruine; yet in not
Accompliſhing my Maſters harſh commands,
The name of treaſon brands me (but paſſe that,)
I of two evils choſe to take the leaſt,
Rather to draw upon me *Cæſars* hate,
Then to forſake my charge and ſouldiers loves:
And now being free in my owne ſoule as thought
Unſought to (Lords) and unconſtrain'd, I offer
T'aſſiſt againſt this Emperor (this thing
Made onely up of name and voyce) whom we
Will breake as ſhowers doe bubles, which themſelves
Of nothing had created.
Saxon. So welcome
Is this your proffer'd amity, no bleſſing
Heaven in its fulleſt bounty could have ſhowr'd,
Could have arriv'd more pleaſing, and to ſhew
How much we prize your friendſhip, your the ſon,

Young

Young *Fredericke* be affianc'd to my daughter,
The tye of nature to the tye of blood,
Will make the union perfect.
Wallenſ. 'Tis an honour,
We are bound in duty to accept, my Lords,
In noble ſoules no thought ſhould once admit
Sullen delay, our progreſſe ſhould be ſwift,
As is the paſſage of unlimited fire
In populous Cities; or as windes, whoſe force
Does at their birth rend ope the ſtubborne wombe
Of the dull earth their mother; great deſignes
Should by great ſpirits onely be purſu'd,
And our laſt buſineſſe is our ſpeedy conference
With Chancelor *Oxenſtern*, and the French Embaſſador.
Actions that carry an unuſuall weight,
Ought ſtill to flye at an unuſuall height.
Exeunt Wallenſ. Bran. Waym. Tert. Kint. Illaw.
Leſle. So, let the dull
Halfe-ſpirited ſoules, who ſtrive on reremice wings,
By that which fooles terme honeſty, to climbe
Toth' top of honour, in their ſilly vertue
Boaſt, while ingenious and more active ſpirits,
In a direct line without ſtop or hindrance,
Mount to their wiſhes, yet ith' worlds eſteeme,
Are held as reall, and indu'd with goodneſſe.
This *Wallenſtein*, like a good eaſie Mule,
Have I led on byth' noſe to this rebellion,
Fir'd with ſuch venome as will ſpread,
Like ſwift infection through his ſoule: theſe two
Shall be my agents to atchieve my ends,
Factors in cunning to vent forth my intentions,
Lieutenant Colonell *Gordon*, and my good
Captaine *Butler*.
Gordon. We were muſing,
What ſerious thought it was, that could ſo long
Detaine you from our conference.

Leſle. Faith I was ſtudying
On our great Generals fortunes, upon which
Our hopes and lives depend; what thinke you of them?
Gordon. Well at leaſt, wee'r bound
To hope the beſt, he's in himſelfe ſo mighty,
He ſeemes above his fate.
Butler. His plots doe carry
A faire and ſpecious out ſide.
Leſle. 'Tis a ſigne,
Corruption is within them, noble friends,
You are my country-men, and if my life
May preſerve yours from ruine, I ſhall deem it
Religiouſly imploy'd: if you diſcover
What I intend to utter, 'twill but ſend
My age ſome houres before its deſtin'd minute,
Unto my grave, and I moſt willingly,
Shall dye the cauſes martyr.
Gordon. By our honours,
No ſyllable ſhall ever paſſe our lips,
What you in love reveale to us.
Leſle. Thus then friends,
Rebellion never yet could boaſt a happy
Or proſperous period, *Wallenſteins* deſignes
Are built on ſand, and with the Emperours breath
Will be diſperſt into the ayre; I ſpeak not this,
That I doe hate the man, heavens know I love
His perſon, but deteſt the cauſe he juſtifies.
Gord. True, the dignity of Princes,
Does make what ever quarrels ſubjects raiſe
Againſt their Soveraigns, odious.
Leſle. Shall we then,
Here in a ſtrange country, violate
The Lawes of hoſpitality, unmake the ancient faith
Aſcrib'd unto our Nation, by aſſiſting
A Traytor 'gainſt his lawfull Prince, a Generall
Againſt that power which gave him that command,

Betray

Betray that royall Maſter, to whoſe bounty
We owe our lives: firſt rather let's reſolve,
To open all his treaſons, his proceedings,
Unto our Lord the Emperour.
Gord. 'Tis very juſt,
And in my judgement requiſite.
Butler. I doe approve it.
Leſle. 'Twere meere madneſſe,
And he that does miſlike it, beares no braine,
No ſoule about him: Inſtead of ſlight preferment,
Which (ſhould our Generall proſper) we at beſt,
Could but expect, we ſhall have
Caſtles, Lordſhips, Earledomes, nay Provinces,
Be ſtil'd the ſavers,
Preſervers of the Empire, have our names,
As 'twere in triumph ſung about the ſtreets,
In popular acclamations, thinke then friends,
How farre theſe certain honours will ſurpaſſe
Our aëry expectations: come let's poſt
Straight to *Vienna*, and informe the Emperour
Of all's proceedings, in this great affaire,
We muſt not uſe our fortune, but our care. *Exeunt.*

Scena ſecunda, Frederick, Albertus, Newman.

Newm. Piſh, periſh ſtill in ignorance, am I,
Who am grand maſter in the art of Love,
Not able to inſtruct a limber youth
Of the firſt growth, your brother here makes love
In all ill favor'd tone, and skrewes his countenance,
As he were ſinging of lamentable Ballads
Of *Tillies* overthrow, but you for your part,
(I've knowne you of an urchin) are ſo fiery,
You ſpeake all ſquibs and crackers, carry a Canon
In your mouth, you'l fright the Lady, ſhe'l imagine

You come to raviſh her.
Albert. The Colonell
Tells you, your owne, good brother.
New. I've told you yours too, or I'm much miſtaken,
You love, 'tſhould ſeeme, the faire *Emilia*,
A pretty wench, they ſay, but that's no matter,
Your fathers are agreed on't, and you'd have me
Shew you the readieſt way, how to accoſt her
Negatively, I will demonſtrate inſtantly.
Fred. I ſhall obſerve your doctrine moſt exactly.
Newm. Pray obſerve,
You muſt not then accoſt her with a ſhrug,
As you were lowzie, with your Lady, ſweet Lady,
Or moſt ſuper-excellent Lady,
Nor in the Spaniſh garbe, with a ſtate face,
As you had new been eating of a Raddiſh,
And meant to ſwallow her for mutton to't:
Nor let your words, as that I'm moſt afraid of,
('Cauſe 'tis your naturall mood) come rumbling forth,
Uſher'd with a good full-mouth'd oath, I love you:
But ſpeake the language of an overcomming Lover;
I doe not meane that ſtrange pedanticke phraſe,
Us'd by ſome gallants, who doe aime at wit,
And make themſelves ſtarke aſſes by't, praiſe their miſtreſſes
Byth' Sun and ſtars, while the poore girles imagine,
They meane their ſignes, their Mercers or Perfumers
Inhabit at (for ſure beyond thoſe Planets
They've ſtudied no Aſtrologie) but you muſt
In gentle, free, and genuine phraſe deliver
Your true affection, praiſe her eye, her lip,
Her noſe, her cheeke, her chin, her neck, her breſt,
Her hand, her foot, her leg, her every thing,
And leave your roſes and your lillies for
Your country froes, to make noſegayes of:
But ſtay, here comes your Miſtris, her father too,
In conference; fall on my Mirmidon,

While we retreat. *Int. Waymur, Emilia.*

Alber. Speed your endevors, brother. *Ex. Newm. Alber*

Waym. 'Tis so concluded 'twixt me and her father,
For both our goods, be not you nice *Emilia*,
The noble youth's so furnish'd with all worth,
You needs must like him.

Emilia. Good sir give me license,
To let my eye direct my heart to love,
And if young *Fredericke* be the master of
Such absolute gifts, doubt not but I shall find them.

Waym. My Lord I'm glad
Of this faire interview. I and my daughter
Were even conferring of you; sir as yet
She's something timorous, dreads a Souldiers lookes.

Fred. She needs not sir.
She beares a spell about her that would charme
A Scythians native fiercenesse into softnesse,
Those spirit-breathing eyes, my Lord, which can
Kill as they please, or quicken with a glance.

Waym. Now they are enter'd,
Ile steale away and leave them.

Fred. Gentle Lady,
To make the addresses of my love-sicke heart,
Plaine and apparent to you, that you may,
Search through my soule, and find it all your creature,
Give me your patient hearing.

Emil. 'Tis a request,
Might tax my manners, should I deny it to
One of your noble quality; use your pleasure.

Fred. Which consists
In viewing your bright beauty, the idea
Of all perfections, which the jealous heavens
Durst ever lend to earth-divinest Lady,
The gentle ayre which circumscribes your cheeke,
Leaving its panting kisses on the flowres,
That in that Tempe blossome, does not love

Thoſe fields of purity more then mine eyes do,
Mine, Lady, is a holy,
An intellectuall zeale, ſuch as the Angels
And Saints, who know no ſexes do affect by,
Paſt imitation too, ſhould they who ſtrive
To trace me, take the conſtancy of Swans,
Or never-changing Turtles, as their patternes.

Emilia. Sir, it ſeemes
You've ſtudied complement as well as Armes,
But he's a fooliſh Lover, who to gaine
His Miſtris, dare not promiſe what you have utter'd, but I muſt
Have more then verball aſſurance of your love.

Fred. By your faire ſelfe I'm reall, do intend,
What I've deliver'd with as much true zeale,
As Anchorits do their prayers: I love your minde,
Your excellent minde, and for its ſake, the pure
Shrine, which containes that bleſſing, this fair building,
This pallace of all happineſſe, and intreat you,
As you have mercy in you, to take pitty
Upon my loves ſtern ſufferings, and redreſſe them,
By your conſent to take me for your husband.

Emilia. Sir you are an over-haſty Lover, to imagine
I can at firſt ſight of your perſon, be
Surpriz'd and yeeld, they muſt be ſtrong allurements,
Muſt tempt a baſhfull Virgin ſtill inur'd
To no companion but her feares and bluſhes,
To give her heart away, and live in thraldome,
Unto a ſtranger.

Fred. Love, Madam, has Eagles eyes, it can beget acquaintance,
Even in a moment, ſuddenly as time,
The time that does ſucceed it. Farewell.
I will not have my over-haſty zeale,
Urge your mild ſufferance further, pray think on me
As one who've plaid my full extent of bliſſe,
In your injoying, think you are the land wracke,
By which the brittle veſſell of my hopes,

Muſt

Must through Loves-swelling Ocean be directed,
To a safe harbor, honour me to kisse
Your faire hand; Lady now farewell, no blisse
Can be in Love, till we know what it is. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia: Ferdinand, King of Hungary, Gallas, Questenberge.

Emper. Crownes are perpetuall cares, and to their heads,
That weare the wreath Imperiall, are annext.
Forraigne invasions oft may shake a state,
But civill broyles are the impetuous fire-brands,
That burne up Common-wealths; to quench
A flame domesticke we are met, which will
Like fame increase, by going on; this late
Revo't of *Wallenstein.*

Hungar. Perfidious slave!
On whom your plenteous bounties showr'd so fast,
They seem'd to drown him, he whose great commands,
Could not know ought above them, but your selfe,
The Generall of your forces of *Gloyawe*,
Mechlenburg, *Sagan*, *Fridland*, stil'd the Duke,
He to invert your owne Armies 'gainst your selfe,
Swels my vext soule to thinke on't.

Emper. 'Tis not words,
Or aëry threatnings will appease thy mischiefe,
It must be done by force; *Matthias Gallas*,
Have you according to our late commands,
Given order for the levying new forces,
To oppose this Traytor.

Matth. Mighty Sir, I have,
And seen them mustred.

Emp. To what amounts their number.

Gall. Threescore thousand.

Hung. A royall Armie, had they been train'd
In Military discipline, experience
Is halfe the soule of Armes, we will take order,

To have them taught the exercise of Armes,
By those *Hungarians* troupes which we brought hither.
Emp. Now sir, your businesse. *Int. a messenger.*
Messen. Mighty sir,
The Governor of *Egers*, Colonell *Gordon*,
Attended by Lieutenant Colonell *Butler*,
And Colonell *Lesle* doe desire admittance
Into your presence.
Emp. Let them enter,
They are his friends, and may perhaps discover
Some of his trecheries: Noble strangers welcome, *Int. Lesle.*
I doe conceive 'tis businesse of importance *Gordon, Butler.*
Has drawne you hither, in Colonell *Lesle's* lookes
I reade affaires of consequence, with which
His active braine does teeme, and faine would be
By's tongue deliver'd.
Lesle. Most mighty *Cæsar*,
To indeare the service to you, I shall doe you,
By guilding o're each circumstance, its waight
And consequence, since 'tis my bounden duty,
To you, my royall Master, would but shew,
Pride and arrogant love in me the author,
To my owne act, and so 'twould rather lessen
Then amplifie my merit; how I've serv'd you
Under command of him, whom in due justice
I cannot mention now without foule curses,
Revolted *Wallenstein* is to these Lords,
And your great selfe best knowne.
Emp. And our rewards
Shall strive to pay those services.
Lesle. But when I saw him
Put off his faith, abandon his allegeance,
Accounting all your bounteous favors trifles,
Unto the mountainous pile of his deservings,
And like a black cloud hung o're all your Empire,
Uncertaine where to break and in's vast thoughts,

Aspir'd

Aſpir'd your ſacred dignity and life,
I like his Genius skrewd into his counſels,
Explor'd his plots and treaſons, and have found them
So full of eminent danger.
Gordon. So malicious.
Leſle. Empty of worth and honour, it had been
A ſinne beyond the horridſt puniſhments,
To have conceal'd them from you, and which moſt
Tortures my loyall thoughts, as't had not been
Sufficient for him to rebell himſelfe,
He has firm'd a league defenſive and offenſive,
With your moſt eager enemies, *Saxon Waymar*,
Brandenburg, *Arheim*, and *Guſtavus Horne*,
And had a perſonall meeting for that purpoſe.
Butler. And 'tis to be fear'd,
That if ſudden power ſtop not their progreſſe,
They will with ſpeedy violence invade you,
Heere in your capitall City.
Emper. Worthy ſtrangers,
In this one act you've ſhowne your ſelfe more faithfull,
Then all my home-borne ſubjects, but be ſure
If gratitude can equall your deſerts,
You ſhall injoy that amply: Noble *Leſle*,
The time is come now, and the delemma caſt,
That muſt conclude our Empire, which we muſt
Unto thy care commit; to kill a Traytor,
Is a deſerving action, for thou ſtrik'ſt
Then with the Sword of Juſtice: wilt thou adde
This one act to thy former high deſervings,
Kill this Arch-Rebell.
Leſle. 'Twas an office,
We ſhould have beg'd, beleev't he's dead already,
Ile kill him in his pride, in all his glories,
With ſuch ſecurity, as I would ſleepe
After a tedious watching.
Emp. And expect,

What e're your hopes can wiſh, ſo with all ſpeed
Back to your charge, be carefull, come my Lords,
Fate now does ſmile upon us, and the ſtorme
Which threatned us, is ſuddenly growne calme.
Exeunt, Emp. Hung. Queſt. Gallas.

Leſle. Now our hopes
May reſt, beſt friends, aſſur'd of good ſucceſſe,
'Tis in our hands, our fates, and we have hearts.
Dare venter on this Giant Duke, and lift him
With as much eaſe from earth, as the bright Sun
Does dull and lazie vapors, nor let dangers
Fright us from the atchievement, ſince the juſtice,
The cauſe does carry, is a certaine armour,
'Gainſt all the aſſaults of perill, which in it ſelfe
Is but an April ſtorme, no ſooner ſhowne
To fright the ayre, but byth' next wind o're-blown.

Explicit Actus ſecundus.

Actus tertius : Scena prima.

Fredericke, Emilia.

Fred. Divineſt Lady,
I hope your late refuſall of my love,
Is alter'd now by your more gentle pitty,
My conſtancie carries more ſtrength about it,
Then to be blaſted with your firſt repulſe,
In the ſame righteous cauſe of my affection

I muſt again be advocate, and hope
My ſute will be effected.
Emilia. Alas, my Lord,
Make me not thus the ſubject of your mirth,
Or Complement, your ſoule is too ſecure
In its owne manly vertues from ſurprize
Of weake affection, eſpecially of mine
Who am ſo worthleſſe in my ſelfe, I cannot
Boaſt thoſe high glories, as to be victorious
Over ſo brave a Conquerour.
Ferd. Thoſe bright eyes,
Like Heavens bleſt light, when from a miſt of clouds
He peepes, and gilds the earth with brightneſſe, can
Quicken and fire even marble hearts with love,
Thaw ſoules of ice, my *Emilia*,
A malefactors feares are more upon him,
E're he doe come to's triall, then when he hearm
The Judge pronounce the ſentence of his death:
'Tis ſo with me, and I ſhould be more bleſt,
To heare that voyce of yours,
That Angels voyce (too ſweet for ſuch dire uſe)
With a ſevere refuſall ſtrike me dead,
Then live tormented in a ſad ſuſpence,
Ignorant of my deſtiny.
Emilia. My Lord,
If I ſhould frame my Virgin thoughts to love,
They ſhould be fixt on you, but I'm ſo well
Content, and ſetled in a Virgin life,
I cannot wiſh to change it.
Fre. Not to imbrace a larger ſtock of happines, *Emilia*,
Virginity is but a ſingle good,
A happineſſe which like a miſers wealth,
Is as from others, ſo from your owne uſe,
Lock'd up and cloſely cabin'd, ſince it not admits
Communication of its good, when you
Shall in the ſtate of marriage freely taſte

Natures choice pleasures, that same happinesse
You were created for.
Emil You have prevail'd Sir;
You who are still victorious o're your foes,
Must needs remaine a Conqueror o're y our friends,
My Lord, receive me freely, I am yours
For ever.
Fred. This chaste kisse shall seale the contract,
Come my *Emilia*, love is such a wealth,
As must be gain'd by free consent, not stealth.

Scena secunda : Wallenstein, Dutchesse, Newman, Terzki, Kinizki, Illaire.

Wallens. Are they agreed yet, *Newman*,
Newm. Faith my Lord,
The Virgin Lady's something fearefull, feares
A man of warre should board her, left his charge
Should make her keele split, my Lord *Fredricke*
Is of that rough demeanour, spight of my
Instructions, he will never learne to woe
In the due phrase and garbe.
Wallens. I doe admire,
The fond base carriage of our giddy youth
In love affaires, and grieve to see my sonnes,
(Who should inherit from me my great spirit,
As well as fortune) so degenerate from
My masculine courage; when ith' blooming pride
Of my green youth I flourish'd, my desires
Aym'd alwayes rather in the tented field
To spend my houres, then on a downy Couch,
To see the face of a sterne enemy besmear'd with blood,
Pleas'd me farre better then a Ladies lookes.
Dutch. And yet you vow'd,
E're y ou won me, my Lord, youne're saw object,

That

That so much pleas'd your appetite.

Wallenſ. Perhaps I might,
For the obtaining of my ends, deſcend
From my great ſpirit so much, as to decline
To idle Courtſhip, the birds and beasts will doe it
To sate their appetites, the fiery Steed,
(That in the fervor of a fight, oft times
Neighs courage to his rider) when provok'd
With eager heat, will licke and bite his female
Into the same deſire: The Sparrowes bill,
And with a chirping rhetoricke, seeme to court
Enjoyment of their wiſhes, which fulfil'd,
Dulls their heads, they couch beneath their wings,
And in a ſlumber, forfeit all remembrance
Of their paſt pleaſures: Yet inſatiate man,
In his deſire more hot then Steeds or Sparrowes,
Will to obtaine it, quite deveſt his ſoule
Of all that's maſculine in him, and transforme
His very being into woman.

Newm. Sure,
My Lord intends to write some Proclamation,
'Gainſt wearing holland ſmockes, some furious Edict,
'Gainſt charitable leaguerers: I've knowne him,
(And so have you my Lords) for all this heat
'Gainſt woman-hood, purſue a ſutlers wife,
(And she had but one eye neither) with as much zeale,
As e're knight-errand did his faire Lindabrides,
Or Claridiana. *Enter Fredrick, Emilia.*

Tert. My Lord, your ſon and faire *Emilia.*

Newm. The quarrel's recondil'd, Ile lay my life on't.

Wallenſ. Beauteous Lady,
The contract 'twixt me and your father, touching
The marriage 'twixt my ſon and your faire ſelfe, I hope
By your conſent is ratified: my boy
Lookes ſprightly, as if he were new return'd
From a triumphant victory.

Fred. My Lord,
I am so much a master of my wishes,
By being blest in this faire Ladies love,
I cannot wish a happinesse above
What I possesse, onely would you be pleas'd,
To destiny the most welcome houre for
The consummation of our Nuptials.
Wallenſ. 'Tshall be accompliſh'd
With all the speed that preparations can
Be made for the solemnity. Your newes sir. *Int. Page.*
Page. My Lord, there's Colonell *Gordon*, and some others
Newly arriv'd from *Egers*, beg admittance
Into your presence.
Wallenſ. Let them enter,
They are my noble friends. Madam take
The bright *Emilia* to your charge: *Fredrick* you
Have leave to wait on your Mistris. Worthy friends, *Ex. Dutch.*
Int. Gordon, Leſle, Butler. *Fred. Emil.*
You're dearely welcome, I presume the businesse
Must be of much importance, that could draw
You (without giving us first notice of it)
From *Egers* hither.
Leſle. Mighty Sir, our fortunes,
Our honours, lives, whatsoe're we can call ours,
Are such a debt to you, that we'r ingag'd,
To sacrifice them all in any service
For you, especially in this affaire
We'r now arriv'd about, since it concernes
Your precious life, which by that tyrant *Caesar*,
At halfe the price and value of his Empire,
Is set to sale.
Wallenſ. Horror! as how, good Colonell.
Leſle. When you shall know sir
The traytors (such his malice would have made them)
Pick'd out for the assasinates of your person,
You'l blesse you from his trecheries, as from

Infecti-

Infectious damps, for the men, beſt Generall,
Are of ſuch boſome truſt, ſo neere ally'd
To all your councels, 'thad been as eaſie for them
To have acted your ſad ruine, as it is
For me to ſpeake this.
Tert. Very ſtrange, pray name them.
Leſle. Even our ſelves,
Our faithfull innocent ſelves, were thoſe ſame monſters,
Deſign'd for to put in act his purpoſe, who
'Cauſe we were mercenaries in this warfare,
He thought as eaſily we would ſell our faiths,
Courted us therefore with whole piles of honours,
Mountaines of titles, mines of endleſſe riches:
But where our honours ſtand in competition,
Theſe are but frivolous baits, trifles for children
To play and toy withall, our faiths are chryſtall,
Which poiſon cannot vitiate.
Wallenſ. And our love
Shall ſtrive by yours to take a faire example,
How to requite your truth, but pray what anſwer,
Return'd you to this man more great in miſchiefes,
Then he's in power or title.
Leſle. Entertain'd
His proffer'd bounties with a ſpecious ſhew
Of thankfulneſſe, nay promis'd to effect
His damn'd intent, beſought him not to imploy
Any other inſtruments but our ſelves t'accompliſh
The ruine of your perſon: by this meanes
To free your deare life from the eminent danger,
Of being by others aym'd at.
Tert. Theſe ſtrangers loves
Surpaſſe credit.
Wallenſ. To thanke you
For this ſame deare preſervall of my life,
Beſt friends, were to admit your action might,
Receive by gratitude a ſatisfaction,

But

But pray divide my ſoule, my life and fortunes,
Are at your diſpoſition: noble Lords,
That this baſe Emperour ſeekes to take my life
By trechery, is an apparant ſigne,
He feares that I ſhould live, and halfe victorious
E're blow be ſtrucken, are they whom their foes
Dread, e're they doe behold them: let's go on then,
Arm'd with our aides, backt with our cauſes juſtice,
'Gainſt this inſulting Emperour, and reſolve
To pull the tyrant from his Throne, deſtroy
His very name, his memory, his aſhes,
With as much eaſie fruedome, as rough windes
Demoliſh craſie buildings. Colonell *Gordon*,
Some five dayes hence we ſhall arrive at *Egers*,
There to make preparation for the Nuptials,
Betwixt our ſonne and faire *Emilia*.
Come Lords, ſince we amongſt our ſelves are true,
Conqueſt is ours, which we'l with ſpeed purſue. *Exeunt*.

Scena tertia: Albertus ſolus.

Alber. To be in love, nay to be ſo in love,
To put off all our reaſon and d ſcourſe,
Which does diſtinguiſh us from ſavage beaſts,
To dote upon a face (which like a mirrour,
Sully'd by any breath) by the leaſt ſickneſſe,
Growes pale and ghaſtly: Is not this meere madneſſe,
Why ſhould't inhabit here then; ſure the ſoule,
As 'tis a ſpirit of a ſubtle eſſence,
A forme as thin and pure, as is an Angels,
Can ne're be author of theſe wild deſires,
So oppoſite to its nature, they'r all fleſhly,
Sordid, as is the clay this frame's compos'd of.
Shall the ſoule,
The noble ſoule, be ſlave to theſe wild paſſions,

And

And bow beneath their waight: ha *Isabella*, *Int. Isab.*
All reason, sense and soule are in her lookes,
There's no discourse beyond them: cruell faire one,
Are you still resolute to persist in your
Strange tyranny, and scorne my constant love.
Isabel. Doe not sir
Abuse that sacred title, which the Saints,
And powers celestiall glory in, by ascribing
It to your loose desires, pray rather cloth them
In their owne attribute, terme them your lust sir,
Your wild ir regular lust, which like those fired rakes,
Mis-guiding nighted travellers, will lead you
Forth of the faire path of your fame and vertue,
To unavoided ruine.
Alber. This is coyness,
A cunning coyness, to make me esteeme
At a high rate, that jewell which you seeme
To part from so unwillingly (Merchants use it
To put bad wares away:) deare *Isabella*,
Thinke what excessive honour thou shalt reape,
In the exchange of one poore trivial gemme,
And that but meerely imaginary, a voyce,
And unsubstantiall effence, yet for that
Thou shalt have reall pleasures, such as Queenes,
Prone to delicious luxury, would covet
To sate their appetites: Think *Isabella*,
That hardest Marble, though not cut by force,
By oft diffusion of salt drops, is brought
Into what ever forme the Carvers fancie
Before had destin'd it: your heart's that substance,
And will by frequent oratory of teares,
Be brought to weare the perfect stampe, the figure
Of my affection on it.
Isabel. Thus besieg'd,
It is high time, I summon up my vertue,
All that is good, about me, to assist

My resolution; Sir, I would be loath,
That you should see me angry, 'tis a passion
My modesty is unacquainted with,
Yet in this cause, deare to me as my honour,
I needs must chide your passion: O consider, looke
What a precipice of certaine ruine,
Your violent will (as on some dangerous rocke,
That strikes what e're dashes upon't, in pieces)
Has cast your heedlesse youth upon: my Lord,
Why should you venter your whole stock of goodnesse,
Upon forbidden Merchandize, a prize
Which the most barbarous pirats to the Lawes
Of morall honesty, would feare to seize on,
Both for its sanctity and triviall value.

Alb. I'm thunder-strucke.

Isab. What foolish thiefe, my Lord, would rob an Altar,
Be guilty of the sacriledge, to gaine
A brazen censor: why should you then affect
A sin so great, as spoiling me of honour,
For such a poore gaine, as the satisfying
Your sensuall appetite; think, good my Lord,
The pleasures you so covet, are but like flattering mornings,
That shew the rising Sun in his full brightnesse,
Yet doe e're night bury his head in tempests.

Alb. I'm disinchanted, all the charmes are fled,
That hung like mists about my soule, and rob'd it
Of the faire light of vertue: excellent Angel,
You have that power in goodnesse, as shall teach
Wonder, that child of ignorance, a faith,
No woman can be bad: I doe confesse,
Big with the rage of my intemperate lust,
I came to blast your purity, but am
Become its perfect convert, so reclaym'd
By your best goodnesse from these foule intentions,
Hell has not strength enough to tempt my frailty,
Toth' like wild loosenesse; pray sweet forgive me,

Seale

Seale it with one chaſte kiſſe, and henceforth let me
Adore you as the ſaver of my honour,
My truth and fames preſerver.
Iſab. I am glad
I've wrought this reclamation on your folly,
And truſt me, I ſhall ever love this in you,
Though my more humble thoughts ſhall ne're aſpire
To affect your perſon.
Alb. Had you yeelded to my deſires,
Been no whit vertuous, I ſhould have eſteem'd you,
(My looſer heat by your conſent extinguiſh'd)
But as a faire houſe haunted with goblins,
Which none will enter to poſſeſſe, and bleſt me
From the prodigious building; when now,
Big with the chaſte aſſurance of your vertue,
I doe beſeech by your love, your mercy,
Looke on my innocent love, more ſpotleſſe
Then are the thoughts of babes, which ne're knew foulneſſe,
Accept me for your husband, ſtart not Lady,
By your faire ſelfe I meane it,
Doe intreat it
As my extent of happineſſe.
Iſab. This my Lord,
Is too extreme oth' other ſide, as much
Too meane I hold my ſelfe to be your wife,
As my owne fame and honour did eſteeme me
Too good to be your proſtitute: My Lord,
The wiving Vine that 'bout the friendly Elme,
Twines her ſoft limbes, and weaves a leavie mantle
For her ſupporting Lover, dares not venter,
To mix her humble boughes, with the imbraces
Of the more lofty Cedar: 'Twixt us two
Is the ſame difference: Love my Lord and hope
A nobler choice, a Lady of your owne
Ranke; all the ends my poore ambition
Shall ever ayme, ſhall be to love your worth,

But ne're aſpire your Nuptials.

Alber. You're too humble,
Impoſe too meane a value on a gemme,
Kings would be proud to weare, deare *Iſabella*,
Let not thy modeſt ſweetneſſe interpoſe
A new impediment 'twixt my lawfull flames,
And thy owne Veſtall chaſtity, let not feare,
(To thy ſex incident) of my fathers wrath
Stagger thy reſolution; thou ſhalt be
To me, my father, mother, brother, friend,
My all of happineſſe; if we cannot here
In peace injoy our wiſhes, we will love
Like Turtles in a Deſart, onely bleſt
In one anothers company. *Enter Fred. Newm.*

New. Why look you ſir, yonder's the cock oth' game,
About to tred yon ginny hen, they'r billing;
Shall we retire, my Lord, perhaps they are going to't,
And 'twould be a ſhame to ſpoile their ſport.

Fred. I am reſolv'd, I'le ſpeake to him.

Newm. Your pleaſure muſt be accompliſh'd,
But take heed we draw not the Virgins curſes on us
Both, take heed on't, it will fall heavy.

Alber. Surpriz'd, and by my brother, prethy ſweet
Withdraw, I would not have thy timorous eares,
Frighted with his loud anger.

Fred. Save you brother, you've parted with your
Miſtreſſe, pray tell me, does ſhe kiſſe well,
Has ſhe a fragrant lip?
Are her demeanours courtly, apt to raviſh?
Are you reſolv'd to run away with her,
And ſtain the honour of our family, for her ſweet ſake?

Alber. Gentle brother, you ſpeak a language
I nor underſtand,
Nor value much the meaning. In your love
I medled not, and't had been manners in you,
Not to have intruded upon mine, your preſence

Being unrequired.

Fred. You're very confident, young Gallant,
In defence of your brave Miſtreſſe,
I know you are in love, bravely in love
With a trim Chamber-maid, a thing made up
Of a caſt Taffatie gowne of an old Wardrobe:
Degenerate brother, were I not aſſur'd
Of your chaſte mothers vertues, I ſhould queſtion,
Whither my father got you, but I'm come
To diſinchant thy ſenſes from the charmes,
That hatefull witch throwes on them, but reſolve
Quickly to quit her, or by Heaven ſhee'd better
Commix with lightning.

Alber. Pray, good brother uſe
Your threats upon your Corporals, or ſtampe
At your tame Lancepreſados, when they doe not
Performe your charge; your rage upon your boyes,
Were more becomming, then upon your brother:
If you will ſit, and with attentive patience,
Marke what I ſhall deliver, I will give you
Reaſons for my intentions, but if not,
You may depart unſatisfied.

Fred. Well Sir, be briefe, I ſhall attend you.

Alb. In briefe, I love faire *Iſabella*, ſo as honour,
Not the vicious heat of youth,
Commands me to affect, I love her vertue,
And have in that as noble, rich a dowry,
As the addition of eſtate and blood,
Which you have acquir'd in your late happy match
With young *Emilia*.

Fred. Dare you, boy, name her,
And my *Emilia* as paralels.

Alb. Why, good brother,
Though ſhe tranſcends her in her birth and fortunes,
Yet in the rare indowments of her minde,
She is her equall, vertue has a ſoul as precious

In peaſants as in Princes, 'tis a birth-right
Alone can deprive them of, who truly have it.
'Tis ſo with *Iſabella*.

Fred. You doe intend to marry her.

Alb. Yes brother.

Fred. Shee is a Whore.

Alb. 'Tis a a moſt ſcandalous lye, and on your heart,
Ile prove her chaſte and vertuous as *Emilia*,
As your *Emilia*.

Fred. Have at you. *Fight*.

Ent. Tertzki, Kintzki, Newman, Illawe.

Newm: Help to beat down their ſwords, my Lords,
Death, *Fredrick*, *Albertus*, what doe you meane?
Let's beat them both, hart I thinke you'r drunk
With *Lubecks* beere or *Brunſwicks* Mum.

Kint. For ſhame
Put up your angry weapons.

New. How fell you out Gentlemen, how fell you out.

Tert. It was a ſad misfortune, nor would I
It ſhould arrive unto our Generals notice,
For halfe my Earledome: 'Las my Lord you bleed.

Alb. No matter,
My blood could ne're in more holy uſe
Have been imploy'd.

New. Now the heat's over, do you not both thinke
Your ſelves a paire of coxcombs, come ſhake hands,
I will make you both ſtark drunke, but I will have you
Good friends agen, brothers fall out, for ſhame,
Brothers fall out.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus quartus : Scena prima.

Wallenstein, Fredericke, Dutchesse.

Wallens. Can this be possible.
Fred. 'Tis a truth,
And if your high authority countermand not
His fond intentions, he will wed her, and
Dishonour our great Family.
Wallens. Call him hither.
I shall instruct the gallant youth his duty.
Dutch. But good my Lord, do not with too severe
A harshnesse chide the error of his love,
Lest like a chrystall streame, which unoppos'd
Runs with a smooth brow gently in its course,
Being stop'd oth' sudden, his calme nature riot
Into a wilfull fury, and persist
In his intended fancie.
Wallens. Gentle Madam, teach
Your women how to dresse you, here are none
Doe need your presence or instruction, you would have him
Leape your neat Chamber-maid, and get a Monkey
For you to play withall: He is here,
Pray you depart, *Fredrick* attend your mother,
I would be private. *Int. Albert.*
Alb. Your Grace was pleas'd to send for me.
Wallens. I did so,
Know you the cause?
Alb. Not yet, my Lord.
Wallens. I am your Father sir,
Whose frownes you ought to tremble at, whose anger
Should be as dreadfull to you, as Heavens curses;

Looke on my face, and reade my buſineſſe there.
Alb. Alas my Lord, your lookes
Are diſcompos'd with rage, your fiery eyes
Rowle with the accuſtom'd motion, they had wont
To dart upon your enemies, I am
Aſſur'd my innocence can no way merit
Your all-conſuming anger.
Wallenſ. 'Tis a lye,
A worthleſſe lye, falſe as thy flattering hopes are,
You are in love, moſt gallantly in love
With *Iſabella*, one who is compos'd
Of paint and plaiſters: thou degenerate monſter,
Traytor to fame, and parricide to honour,
Abject in thy condition, as thy thoughts are;
Teare this vil'd ſtrumpet from thy ſoule, do't quickly,
Renounce her with all binding tyes can urge thee
To keep thy faith, or I will quite put off
The name of Father, take as little notice
Thou art my of-ſpring, as the ſurly North,
Does of the ſnow, which when it has ingendred,
Its wild breath ſcatters through the earth forgotten.
Alb. This was the killing fever I ſtill fear'd;
Sir I ſhould be a ſtranger to your blood,
As well as noble worth, ſhould I commit
Actions I ſham'd to juſtifie: I confeſſe
I love faire *Iſabella*, and beſeech you,
The meaneneſſe of her fortune and her birth
Omitted. ſhe may be confer'd upon me
In lawfull marriage.
Wallenſ. Dare you boy,
Speake this to me.
Alb. I ſhould Sir be degenerate
From your great ſpirit, ſhould I feare to utter
What I doe wiſh effected, were you a God,
As being my Father, you'd but a degree
To me beneath one, in a cauſe ſo righteous,

I ſhould not onely boldly crave your licenſe,
But hope to have it granted.
Wallenſ. Hell and furies,
Durſt any mortall foole, but my owne iſſue,
Venter to brave my fury thus; reſolve
Villaine in full to ſatisfie my purpoſe,
Doe it without regret, renounce this ſtrumpet
Even from thy ſoule, abandon her remembrance.
Or by my owne unwearied valour, better,
And with more ſafety thou mayſt hug a wave,
When its white lips kiſſe heaven: yong ſir your honor
Is not your owne, for it you'r but my factor,
And muſt give me account, a ſtrict account
Of the errors you run in: to the Duſt
Of my great Anceſtors, ſtand I accountant
For all my family, and their bleſt aſhes
Would breake their Marble lodgings, and come forth
To quarrell with me, ſhould I permit this bar
To ſtaine their glorious Heraldry.
Alb. Great Sir,
Can vertue be a blemiſh, or true worth
Diſgrace Nobility; 'twas that at firſt,
When Nature made all equall, did diſtinguiſh
'Twixt man and man, and gave a juſt precedence
To the moſt worthy: Honour is Vertues of-ſpring,
Since then the Angell, my affection's fixt on,
Is faire and vertuous, all the good that ever
Durſt with fraile fleſh commix, or earth be proud of:
How to our Families honour can ſhe bring
A diminution? Can ſir the chaſte ice,
Kiſs'd by the Sun, into its native ſubſtance,
Pollute a chryſtall River, ſurely rather
It addes freſh moyſture to its ſtreame. My Lord,
I am your ſonne, and have been ſtill obedient
To your commands; O by your love, your vertue,
Your never daunted vertue, I beſeech you,

Grant me this one requeſt, wer't for my life,
I ſhould not be ſo abject, as to ſpend
This breath for its redemption.
Wallenſ. Well, thy prate
Has overcome me, I am pittifull,
Beyond my nature pittifull to thee,
Thou ſhalt injoy thy wiſhes.
Alb. All the bleſſings,
Prayers can obtain from heaven, ſhowr down upon you
For your ſuperlative mercy.
Wallenſ. Stay and marke me,
'Tſhall be with this condition, that as ſoone
As thou art wed, and haſt injoy'd thy wiſhes,
Ere the next Sun riſe on you,
You reſolve without remorſe,
To kill your *Iſabella*.
Alb. Heavens protect me!
Wall. Nay thou ſhalt ſweare it too: 'Las gentle boy,
I know thy nature is too full of fire,
To mix with ſordid earth, and though thy luſt,
(Which is but manhood in thee) prompt thee on,
To taſte the ſweets of *Iſabellas* beauty,
I know thou ſcornſt ſo much to unmake thy Gentry,
To take her for thy wife, perhaps ſhe will not
Give up her honour, till the Church has ſeal'd
That grant as lawfull; freely I allow
Her brave ambition, if as a reward
Due to her haughty pride, thy own hands kill her,
And ſo wipe out the infamy.
Alb. Strange cruelty! ſo tyrants us'd to grant offenders life,
After their condemnation: to reſerve them
To combat wild beaſts in the ſpacious Cirque,
Or bloody Amphitheater: My Lord.
Wallenſ. Piſh I am deafe, inexorable as Seas
Toth' prayers of Mariners, when their ſinking Keel
Is drunke with billowes. *Ent. Dutch. Iſabel and Page.*

Dutch.

Dutch. O my Lord,
Your justice on this curſed witch, this thiefe,
This morning I have loſt out of my Cabinet
The ſo much valu'd Jewell, which your bounty
Beſtow'd upon me, none but ſhe and I
Having been there ſince; ſhe muſt be thiefe:
Force her to reſtitution.

Wall. 'Twas a gem, my mother gave me, which I did preſerve
With as much care, as votaries doe the reliques
Of their protecting Saints: I gave it you,
When in the eager fervor of my youth,
I deſtin'd you my wife: come hither minion,
You who can ſteale the Jewels of mens hearts,
With your inchanting ſorceries, will not feare
To make a venter upon pettier theft:
Sirrah goe bid them wait me here.

Alb. My Lord,
I'm ſo ſecure in my own innocence,
That ſhould your fury riot on my life,
'Twould not affright me, I ſhould meet my death,
As willingly as I ſhould doe my reſt,
After a tedious watching, there's no armour
Like that of innocence, with which I'm guarded,
And therefore laugh at puniſhment.

Wal So brave. I ſhal ſoon quell your inſolence; lay hands *Ent.*
On this ignoble ſtrūpet, hang her up, here in my preſence. *Guard.*

Alb. Stay ſir, I doe beſeech you heare me.

Wal. Your intreaties are caſt on me, as tools throw oyl on fire,
Striving to extinguiſh it: hang her up,
Ile hang you all elſe.

Alb. Then Sir I will ſpeake,
Since you forget to be a father to me,
I will put off my duty; I'm reſolv'd,
Since 't is impoſſible that we ſhould live,
To dye together: nor doe not ſlave preſume,
To touch this mine of purity, 'tis a treaſure

While I'm alive Hell cannot raviſh from me,
(For fiends would feare to touch it) if you murder
This ſpotleſſe innocent Virgin, you are ſuch,
So mercileſſe a tyrant, as doe love
To feed on your owne bowels, one whom nature
Created for a curſe, and to get curſes,
Such prodigies as I am, one whom all Lovers
Shall tremble at, if mentioned; one.

Wallenſ. Death have I loſt my command, is he or I
To be obey'd? hang her, if he reſiſt,
Kill the unnaturall Traytor.

Iſab. Deare *Albertus*, draw not a ruine on thy prizeles life,
For my deſpis'd ſake I will go to death,
All peace as does an Anchorite, that's aſſur'd of all his ſinnes forgiveneſſe.

Alb. Sawcie divell, carry that touch of her to hell, 'twill ſerve
To mitigate thy tortures. *Is run through.* *Kils one of the Guard.*

Dutch. O my Lord, what has your fury acted,
Deare *Albertus*.

Alb. 'Twas a moſt friendly hand, and I could kiſſe it,
For the moſt welcome benefit; *Iſabella*,
In death thou giveſt me life, thy innocence,
Will like my guardian Angell, ſafely convey me
To yonder heavenly Manſion: pray forgive me,
Deare Sir, if in my over-haſty zeale
In this poore innocents quarrell, my wild fury,
Tranſgreſs'd my naturall duty, and as the laſt
Requeſt your dying ſon can aske, take pitty
On this moſt innocent Maid: thy hand, my faire one,
And now as willingly I doe expire,
As a bleſt Martyr, who does court the fire. *O Iſabella dies.*

Dutch. O my deare *Albert*.

Wall. Death ſlave, dare you play with a flame
That ſhall conſume you.
Hang her up, or torments ſhall pay your breach of duty.

Iſab. There friend, there's all the Jewels I am miſtris of,

And

And that thou merits, prethee be as ſpeedy
In thy diſpatch, as fate it ſelfe; there is
A pure white Ghoſt in yon ſame azure cloud,
Expects me ſtraight, I come my deare *Albertus*. *Is hang'd.*
Wallenſ. Take hence their bodies, 'twas a hopefull boy,
And one I lov'd well, till his wild love
Made him forget his duty; and 'tis better
He di'd with fame, his ſword in's hand, then that
He'd liv'd with foule diſhonour: would he were
Alive agen, I do begin to feele ſtrange horrors here, and that
Big gueſt, my ſoule, is ſhaken as with a nipping froſt, hence idle
Grief, I muſt be furniſh'd with more ſpritly paſſions, thou art too
Heavy, fit for the ſociety of none but penſive women. All muſt dy,
Why ſhould not he then, 'twas his deſtiny. *Exeunt.*

Scena ſecunda: Gordon, Leſle, Butler.

Leſle. Are all your horſe in readineſſe?
Gordon. Yes, 'tis time,
That we were mounted, 'tis foure leagues at leaſt
Unto the Generals Campe, and 'twill be late
Ere we arrive there, are you yet reſolv'd
Upon the meanes, by which to put in practice
Our long intended purpoſe, our delay
Will make the Emperour apt to call in queſtion
Our faiths integrity.
Leſle. So great a buſineſſe,
Is not with eaſie ſpeed to be performd:
An eager haſte oft-times o'rethrowes the fortunes
Of ſuch affaires, if we once get him hither,
Within our City walls, be confident,
He's in his grave; but have you given commaund,
That all your Souldiers be in readineſſe,
To waite the Generalls entry.
Butler. They ſhall be
In their beſt furniture of Armes, all drawne

Into parada, he ſhall have all pompe,
And ornament of warre, to bid him welcome.
Leſle Theſe triumphs
Shall be but funerall pomps before his death;
Gordan, you muſt, as Governour of *Egers*,
Preſent the keyes with all humility
To his diſpoſe, 'twill make him be more careleſſe,
And truſt his very ſoule into our hands.
Gordon. Doubt not me,
I ſhall performe with cunning skill, what e're
Belongs to me; but doe you intend the Generall
Alone ſhall fall, or his confederates
Shall periſh with him,
Leſle. O by all meanes, Indian princes
Doe carry ſlaves to wait on them into
The other world, and 'twere inglorious,
That our brave Generall ſhould not have that privilege
Count *Teretzki*, *Kintzki*, *Newman*, Marſhall *Illawe*,
Shall be his harbingers, and i'th' ſhades below,
Provide fit entertainment for his Ghoſt.
Butl. They are of power, their deaths will ſhrowdly weaken,
The ſtrength of the Conſpiracie.
Leſle. Very true, I'le craftily inſtill into his eares,
New cauſes of diſtruſt, ſo to beget
In him more confidence of my faith, ſo to
Allure him hither ſooner, we muſt worke,
Surely, as does the Mole, who digs
Her habitation in the earth, and ſcornes
All the aſſaults of tempeſts; when he's in,
We muſt be prompt in action, ſure of hand,
And ſound of heart, and ſtrike him with that violence,
From the ſuppos'd Heavens,
His ambition climbs to, that the thin ayre
Does from its purer Regions
Dull earthly meteors; come let's away,
Nought croſſes actions like a dull delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia: Wallenstein solus.

Wallens. To be diseas'd in mind, diseas'd past cure
Of Physicke or sage counsell, is a madnesse,
The active Souldiers, all whose ends are glory,
And that by vertue (cowards terme a sinne)
Ambition, should not be acquainted with.
Although my cares doe hang upon my soule,
Like mines of Lead, the greatnesse of my spirit,
Shall shake the sullen waight off; naturall rest,
(Is like a wholsome bath to limbes oppresst
With gouts and aches) to a troubled minde,
A most excelling medicine, and I feele
A strong propension in my braine, to court
Sleepe for its mild Physitian: within there, boy. *Ent a Page.*
Sirrah be sure that none disturbe my rest,
On no occasion, on your life I charge you.

Page. Shall I sing Sir.

Wallens. Yes, if the notes be heavy, apt to invite
The weary soule to slumbers. *Song.*

Page. Who's there? you must not enter.

Dutch. Must not sirrah, *Ent. Dutch.*
Where is your Lord?

Page. Your pardon, gracious Madam, he's laid down
To rest, and has upon my life commanded
Me, none should wake him.

Dutch. Think'st thou he is
So much addicted to his ease, he will
Neglect his businesse, goe in and tell him,
The Governors of *Egers*, Colonell *Gordon*,
And Colonell *Lesle* are without upon
Affaires of consequence.

Page. Would your Grace
Would pardon me, your selfe with greater safety
Might do it, Madam.

Dutch. Foolish boy, goe in, I will be thy security.

Page. I shall performe,

Though

Though most unwillingly your command; my Lord,
Please you to rise, your Dutchesse.

Wallens. Ha, where's my sword,
Thou art a Coward Ghost, and not my sonnes,
To take me in my sleepe unarm'd, my Poniard
Will still be faithfull to me, if thou beest not
Thin ayre, its point will graze on thee. *Stabs the Page.*

Dutch. O my Lord,
What has your fury acted? this your sudden
Murdring this innocent youth, doth adde new horrors
To your strange cruelties.

Wallens. Ha, my Page! his death
Was but due justice for his breach of duty,
For thus disturbing of my rest.

Dutch. My Lord,
Your hands are purpled so in innocent blood,
Teares cannot wash the tincture of: my selfe
Am as deepe guilty as you in the slaughter
Of *Isabella*, she was innocent,
The Jewell I accus'd her of, this morning,
Griefe to my soule, I've found, pray heaven, repentance
May expiate our offences.

Wallens. I begin
To feele strange horrors here, my Marble soule,
Does strive to sweat it selfe into a teare,
At thought of these sad accidents. Noble Friends,

Ent. Gord. Butl. Lesle, Newm. Tert. Kint.

You'r opportunely welcome, I was oppress
With sudden melancholy, but your lov'd presence
Expells all thought of it, and I'm growne
As full of sprightly mirth, as when my hopes
Aime at a glorious victory.

Gordon. Mighty Duke,
According to my duty, I am come
Here to present you with the keyes of *Egers*,
My place of Government, and with them my life,

To

To doe you service.
Wallenſ. noble *Gordon*,
you doe ſo much indeare mee by your love,
I have no poſſibility to requite
Your overflow of Curteſies, have you not
Receiv'd new intelligence of buſineſſe,
Which does concerne me.
Leſle. New temptations Sir
Againſt your precious life, 'tis to be fear'd,
Leſt ſeeing we doe ſlacke ſo in performance
Of what we've promis'd, he'l imploy new agents
To attempt your ruine, and ſhould treaſon,
As 'tis a ſubtle ſerpent, ſtings unſeen Sir,
Invade your life: to what a dire misfortune
Were we, whoſe lives have upon your dependance,
Betray'd, and therefore good my Lord beware,
Leſt your owne courage, which contemns all dangers,
Doe undoe you.
Wallenſ. Never feare; how farre
Is't hence to *Egers*.
Gordon. Some three houres eaſie march.
Wallenſ. Set forward thither;
It were in vaine my enemies ſwords to feare,
When I doe carry ſharper poniards here. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus quintus : Scena prima.

Emperour, Hungary, Queſtenberg.

Emp. Vext with ſo many cares, ſo many miſchiefs,
That doe like *Hidra's* dreadfull heads increaſe,
By cutting off, as billowes follow billowes,
Succeed each other with that eager violence,
Our weary Eagles know not where to perch,
But flag their ſickly wings : wer't not irreligious,
I ſhould capitulate with the powers divine,
And tax them of injuſtice ; my whole raigne
Has been a long and one continued trouble ;
And it bleſt peace with her faire beames did e're
Shine on our Empire, 'twas but like a faire
Deceitfull wind, courting the ſhips out of the harbor,
Into the maine to drowne them : but the mother
Of a more horrid warfare, that I feare as
I found the Wreathe Imperiall drown'd in blood,
So I in blood muſt leave it.

Queſt. Have good hope Sir,
Tides then approach their full height, when their ebbe
Has been at loweſt ; the moſt hideous tempeſts,
Which ſeem'd to threat the ruine of the world,
Bing uſher'd in by thunder and hot lightning,
Are ſooneſt paſt, there's nothing violent
Can boaſt of perpetuity ; our fortunes
Are not ſo deſperate, as our feares preſent them :
We've hands and hearts left yet, that dare oppoſe
The inhumane Traytor, and our cauſes juſtice

Aſſures

Aſſures us, if we cannot live victorious,
We ſhall dye nobly.
Hung. Man, my royall Father
Is not himſelfe, when he beholds
Events through the quicke perſpective of feare,
Which ſhewes him dangers at remoteſt diſtance,
As cleareſt and his moſt perſpicuous obiects.
Suppoſe this traitor in his Giant-reach
Fathome ev n heaven it ſelfe, yet there are bolts
To ſtrike him into earth for his ambition,
And make his memory and name, all, ſave his treaſon,
For ever to be forgotten.
Emp. That which moſt
Does drive my tortur'd ſoule into affrights,
Is, that I ſee we'r falſe among our ſelves:
The faithleſſe Souldiers daily doe in troupes,
Fly from our Enſignes to the Traytors Campe:
What cauſe have we then but t'expect ſad ruine?
When thoſe who ſhould be our ſecurity,
Doe prove our greateſt enemies; our Guard,
Our feare and terror, they all looke
On him, as ſuperſtitious Indians on the Sunne,
With adoration; on me, with contempt,
Or (but at beſt) with pitty.
Queſt. Mighty *Caeſar*,
To doubt an ill before it fall upon us,
'Mongſt valiant and reſolved ſoules, is counted
A point of cowardiſe: Great Spirits ever
Should be above their fates; good Sir retreat
Into that fortreſſe of your minde,
Your reſolution, call it up to guard,
Your ſoule from timorous thoughts:
Are you the man have ſway'd
The Roman Empire foure and twenty yeeres,
With that ſucceſſe againſt your forraigne foes,
Your very name more then your forces vanquiſh'd,

To let a Traytor fright you: good my Lord
Let's draw forth new battalias to the Field,
Awake the Drum and Trumpet, ſummon up
The very laſt hopes of our weaken'd ſtrength,
'Gainſt this inſulting traytor; very infants
Will on the ſudden grow up able men,
And fight in this brave quarrell.

Hung. Heaven it ſelfe
Will arme on our ſide, and with certaine vengeance,
Purſue the inhumane monſter: why? to dye,
(As that's the worſt can happen) in this cauſe,
Were a religious martyrdome: I am your ſon Sir,
And what your fortunes are, good or diſaſtrous,
Mine has on them dependance; by my hopes, I doe
So little waigh the glorious traytors pride,
I thinke him worthy ſcarce my meaneſt thought,
And reſt aſſur'd, ere long, I ſhall behold
This fearefull meteor, that would be a Star,
And does affright us with his hideous blaze,
Like a vaine Comet drop his fading rayes.

Emp. Your comforts
Come as in drougths the elementall dew
Does on the earth, it wets, but leaves no moyſture,
To give the ſear'd plants growth: But yeſternight
We'd certaine information, that our forces
Led by *Matthias Gallas*, were o'rethrowne
By *Saxon Waymar*, and his ſon young *Fredricke*:
Who had they knowne as well how to purſue,
As gaine a victory, and made a ſudden
Onſlaught upon *Vienna*, their's; not ours
Had been the Wreathe Imperiall. Now your newes ſir.

Int Meſſenger.

Meſſen. Letters from Colonell *Leſle* ſir, from *Egers.*

Emp. This is our lateſt hope; he writes me word,
That the Arch-traytor, and his prime confederates,
Laſt night arriv'd at *Egers*, and aſſures me

Of their immediate ruine: Well Coloſſus,
You'd beſt ſtand firme, unſhaken as a rocke,
Whoſe feet the fierce waves ſtriving to trip up,
Doe 'gainſt its hard hooſes daſh themſelves to pieces,
Or thou wilt fall unpittied, fall to be
The ſcorne of ſtory, the contempt and by-word
To all poſterity; let's in my Lords:
This law the Heavens inviolably keepe,
Their juſtice well may ſlumber, but ne're ſleepe.
Exeunt.

Scena ultima: Wallenſtein, Tertzki, Kintzki, Illawe, Newman, Leſle, Butler, Gordon.

Leſle. The honour you have done us mighty Duke,
By this your gracious preſence, gives a period
To our ambition; *Egers* is growne proud,
Dares with *Vienna* ſtand in competition,
Which is the capitall City, which does hold
The true and lawfull *Caſar*.
Gordon. Ferdinand,
Had he arriv'd here in his greateſt glory,
Could not have been more welcome; while I am
Governour of this towne, it and my life
Are at your ſervice.
Wallenſ. Noble Gentlemen,
You do ſo loade me with new courteſies,
I know not firſt for which to give you thankes,
And did a ſullen humour not poſſeſſe
My much diſtemper'd faculties, my mirth
Should ſpeake my gratitude; but on the ſudden,
I am ſo overburdned with ſad thoughts,
I cannot ſuite my minde (ſo much oppreſt)
To jollitie.
Leſle. 'Tis our generall griefe,

Ought ſhould diſturbe your quiet here, when we
Were all compos'd of triumph, for the joy
We doe conceive for your arrivall. My noble Lord of
Tertzki, theſe are the welcomes
Full bowles of ſprightly Wine that Souldiers uſe
In entertainment; to our Generals health,
And to his good recovery from his melancholy.
Tert. Who ſhall refuſe to pledge it with that zeale,
He would drinke healthfull potions, may it be
A deadly poyſon to him: Colonell *Gordon*.
New. May he dye for droughth, like a Weſtphalia Pig
I'th' dog dayes, or be choakt with eating tolted cheeſe.
Gordon. My Lord of *Kintzki*,
This to our Generals health, and welcome hither.
New. I'm like to faint for thirſt,
Would 'twould arrive at me once, my mouth
Even waters at it.
Kintz. Noble *Butler*.
Butler. Marſhall *Illawe*.
Newm. I ſhall be laſt, I ſee,
But if the ſtoopes hold out, 'tis ten to one
I'le have my ſhare.
Illawe. Here Colonell *Newman*.
New. And 'twere the Tun of *Heidleberg*, I'd drink it
Off with as much eaſe, as a leaguer can
In a grim ſutlers houſe of thatch: My Lord,
Under your gracious pardon, take me off
This luſty rowſe to your owne health, and after
Begin as much to each of ours, and if
It doe not make you as merry as a Corporall
Upon pay day, ſay I'm no *Eſculapius*,
But a meere Mountebanke in the effects
Of ſprightly Wine.
Wallenſ. Kind Gentlemen, my thankes
To all of you, and would my diſpoſition
Afford me licence, I ſhould not forget

The ſouldiers ceremonie, to begin
Each of your happy wiſhes: howſoever
I will trench ſo farre on my melancholy,
To drink this cup. To all your healths.
Omnes. Your Grace hath ſhewen us
A too exceſsive curteſie.
Wall. Ile onely
Repoſe a little, and if I find
My ſad diſtemper alter, Ile returne,
And frolicke in your company.
Newm. I ſmell him:
Hee has a plot upon us, hee'le ſteale hence,
And ſhift a ſcore or two of cups, and then
Set freſh upon us, make us all as drunke,
As rats in the *Canaries*.
Leſle. Wee'l attend your Grace.
Wallenſ. By no meanes,
Let not my melancholy diſcompoſe
Your thought of frolicke mirth:
There's Colonel *Newman*,
Will in my abſence take a cup or two
For mee: meane time bee merry, 'tis my charge:
Remember to obſerve it. *Ex. Wallenſ.*
Leſle. I'me ſorry,
Hee ſhould bee thus diſtemper'd here. My Lord
Let not our Generals ſadneſſe rob us of
Our late intended iollity: Colonell *Newman*
You'd wont to bee all ayre: I hope, you are not
Turn'd earth o'th' ſuddaine.
Newm. No faith, thank heaven, I feel no inclination
that ſavours of mortality: gentlemen
Shal's have a catch.
Omnes. With all our hearts, good Colonell.
New. A military Madrigall, I learn'd it
Of a right Impe of *Mars*, a red-fac'd Serjeant,
At *Halberſtat*.

Leſle.

Leſle. Will you begin.

Newm. Yes verily, but good Colonell
Let not your voyce rebell, nor be exalted
Into a Calidonia tune, 'twill ſpoile
Our ditty. *A Catch.*

Leſle. My thankes, my Lords pleaſe you this cup
Toth' happy Nuptials 'twixt young *Fredricke*,
And the faire *Emilia*.

Gordon. *Egers* will be honour'd,
To have them celebrated here.

Newm. Doe me right good Colonell,
You drinke it as 'twere ſcarbeere.

Leſle. Captaine *Butler*.

Newm No whiſpering good Colonell *Leſle*,
No whiſpering,
You know what followes, but drinke off your cup
Like a right Cavalier, this Neckar wine
Has a ſtrange vertue in't, it elevates
Both fleſh and ſpirit; a months means for a wench now.

Leſle. My Lord, I am
So farre from giving you a fit requitall
For your late courteſies, that as ſatisfaction,
I muſt beg a new favour, one cup more,
Let's all together drinke a full carouſe,
Unto our Generals health, and his revenge
Upon the Emperour; you ſhall drinke no more,
'Tſhall be your laſt cup, truſt me.

New. I ſhall drink no more, marke that, pray fill up mine
Till it run o're, I would be loath to have
My laſt cup faulty.

Leſle. To his revenge. *Ent. four Souldiers with Piſtols as they*
Tert. Traytor, inhoſpitable *are drinking, they ſhoot Tertzki,*
Slave. *dyes, Kintzki, Illawe, Newman,*
New. I'm ſomething hot about the heart, *they fall.*
A cup of your ſmall wine to coole me, ſure
You grudg'd my liquor, and ſo broach'd me behinde,

To

To let out what I had put in before, pox of your pellets
Say I: I care not for any other hurt they have done me,
But that they have ſpoil'd my drinking. *Dyes.*
Leſle. So, this was wel perform'd, drag in their bodies;
Now Country-men our taske is halfe perform'd,
We have lop'd of the maine armes that did grow
Unto this lofty Cedar, there remaines
Nought but the trunke to cut from earth, and that
Shall by our owne hands fall, theſe ſlaves ſhall not
Have ſo much honour done them, as to triumph
In our great Generals ſlaughter: As great *Julius*
Fell by his much lov'd *Brutus*, who when juſtice,
And his deare mothers cauſe, the Common-wealth,
Commanded him to ſtrike, with one home blow,
Finiſh'd brave *Cæſars* life; ſo he by us
Shall ſurely periſh: Friendſhip muſt not ſave,
Him and his foule ambition from one grave. *Exeunt.*

Wallenſtein ſolus.

Wallenſ. Sure I beheld them, or the ayre condenſ'd
Into their lively figures; in their ſhrowds,
Pale and as meager, as they had convers'd
A yeere with the inhabitants of the earth,
And drunke the dew of charnell houſes: Shew'd
Albertus and his lovely Bride; they wav'd
Their ghaſtly hands to me, as if in that
Dumbe language they'd invited me to come,
And viſit them in their cold Urnes. To dye,
Why 'tis mans nature, not his puniſhment;
With this condition we all enter life,
To put it off agen; 'tis but a garment,
And cannot laſt for ever, both its faſhion
And ſtuffe will ſoon weare out; why then ſhould death,
(If I were now creeping into my Marble)

To me be terrible, since 'tis maine folly,
To feare that which we no way can avoid:
Nor is't much matter how we dye, by force,
Or naturally checker'd with grisly wounds,
Or in our beds, since all's but the same death still:
Oh! but to dye surcharg'd with mortall sinnes,
Such as can kill our everlasting beings,
Our soules, and send them hence to bathe in floods
Of living fire; there, that's the frightfull mischiefe,
The other's but a trifle; I, who never
Could feare the other, at the thought of this,
Am one with death already; my vast crimes,
My horrid murders kill that conscience in me,
Which makes me know my guilt, that conscience,
Which as my shaddow followes me.

Int. Lesle, Gordon, Butler.

Gordon: Come softly,
And if my stroake misse, second me.

Stabs Wallenstein in the backe.

Wallens. Ha! 'twas no ghost, that was a
Mortall touch,
It came so home and heavily: base Traytor,
Who e're thou art, thou durst not see my face,
My lookes would even have blasted thee:
Ha! *Lesle, Gordon, Butler.*

Lesle. Yes Traytor-Duke, 'twas we, who cut thy soul
From thy weake twist of life, we who glory
More in performing this brave act of justice,
Then had we gain'd the Empire thy ambition
Aspir'd to, thy base trecheries to *Cæsar*,
Are by us reveng'd.

Gordon. The Counts,
Thy bold confederate Rebels, by our hands
Sent to their ruine.

Wallens. Thus coward Hare,
Prey on a dying Lyon, for thee *Lesle*,

Basely

Basely perfidious to me in thy faith,
Receive my last breath in a curse: you have
But plaid the Hang-men to performe heavens justice.
Forgive me Heaven my past offence: I dye,
Not for my ambition, but my cruelty. *Dyes.*

Leste. Let us convey the body in, and post
With all speed to *Vienna*, and give notice
Toth' Emperor of our proceedings; thus every Traytor shall,
Stead of a Crowne, meet his owne Funerall.

FINIS.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION